Riddles In the Light:
Princess Charlie Morningstar vs. Alastor the Radio Demon
Bonus Chapter: The Parenting Game
By Yu May

[Note: This story is an alternative ending to *Riddles In the Light*, imagining what would happen if Alastor won the Riddle Game instead of Charlie.]

Remembering her years of intense martial arts training, Vaggie steeled her breath, and held up the locket. “Fair warning…to answer this question to my satisfaction, you must be specific. If I open this locket for you, what will you see?”

Alastor hummed. “A secret?”

When Vaggie only shook her head, Alastor adjusted his seat, making himself comfortable. “A memory?”

“I said you have to be specific.”

Alastor smiled. “Two photographs.”

“Not good enough.”

Alastor shrugged. “Two photographs, but you flipped them around to show the backs.”

“Sorry, Alass-hole, but you’ll have to try harder than—Wait, what?”

The locket popped open, to reveal the blank, white backsides of two photographs.

Alastor raised an eyebrow. “So that was your game? Clever girl.”

“You cheating snake! How did you know?”

Alastor shrugged. “Lucky guess.”

Vaggie and Charlie screamed as the green flames engulfed them.

They were floating in an infinite void, and the darkness slowly started to wash over them. Vaggie reached out to grasp Charlie’s hand. “Char? I’m sorry!”

Vaggie felt Charlie’s frozen hand soften, and return her grasp. “No, Vagg, this is all my fault! If only I’d trusted–”

They found themselves twisting in mid air to face the ground, slowly drifting to a halt as they landed on something soft. Only then did they realize that there *was* such a thing as up and down again. Then a spotlight turned on, and they found themselves lying bottoms up over Alastor's lap. The Radio Demon sighed contentedly as he rested one arm on top of both girls, across the smalls of their backs. "Finally. That was a rousing game. But now that I officially own your asses, I think it's time to establish the new rules of the household."

Vaggie strained to break free, but Alastor's dainty grip was immovable. "If you lay a finger on Charlie, I'll rip your fucking—*OW!"*

With a sharp pop, Alastor clapped Vaggie sharply across the seat of her trad-wife skirt.

Charlie twisted to look over her shoulder, shaking her head. "Don't do this, Alastor! Have empathy!"

Then Alastor spanked Charlie, letting his hand linger across her backside. "I'll have you know I take great pride in my powers of empathy. I know *exactly* how both of you girls are feeling at this very moment. You're frightened, confused, and hurting. But don't you worry… Papa's here, now! I'm not going to let anyone or anything hurt you, ever again…"

Alastor waved his finger, and both the girls' skirts rose in the air and folded themselves neatly against their lower backs, revealing their panties. Alastor patted both their rears. "... Except for me. You have been rude, foolish, defiant little girls, so now… Papa spank!"

Charlie and Vaggie stammered out a mix of threats and pleas before Alastor started to spank in earnest, cutting them both off. His palms were small, but with each slap, his long, slender fingers stretched across the length of their bottoms. Alastor delivered about sixty swift spanks to each of them in silence, before pausing. "Now, do I have your attention?"

Both girls started writhing and stammering, talking over each other at a rapid pace.

Vaggie flipped him off with both fingers. "I'm gonna cut off your dick, grill it up like a hot dog, and make you eat it in one bite!"

Charlie clutched her hands together. "Please, Alsastor, I know there's good in you! You don't have to do this!"

Tightening his grip across their waists, Alastor raised his hand high, and green flame billowed from his palm. "My, my… I don't know which of you naughty girls I want to spank more."

As Alastor brought his hand down, he caught one of Charlie's butt cheeks and one of Vaggie's with one strike, but the green fire slammed against both their bottoms like a solid wall, singing their panties. Charlie and Vaggie screamed.

Slowly, Alastor raised his hand, letting the green fire build to a pillar. “Now, let’s try that again. Vaggie, I believe you offered to cook me something. That’s progress, but your manners leave much to be desired. I expect both you girls to stand up, march your naughty little bottoms straight to the kitchen, and make me a sandwich.”

Charlie’s eyes blazed with her own Hellfire, and horns began to emerge from her head. “Oh, fuck you, Alastor! You wanna’ go? Let’s g—”

Alastor landed another swat, and both girls felt their panties catch on fire at once.

“Ohh-hoooooww!”

“Aaaaaargh!”

Alastor waved his palm, snuffing out the green fire. “I see that you’re both slow learners. Don’t worry. This might take a century or too, but I’m willing to wait as long as it takes to help you girls learn to act like proper ladies.”

Alastor snapped his fingers, and the last of the green embers instantly died out. A few smoking holes had been burned into both girls’ underpants. Alastor pinched at the elastic waistband of the girl’s panties, one at a time, letting them snap lightly back into place. “Seems these undergarments are ruined. We’ll have to buy you some suitable, modest bloomers to replace them. I’ll be taking the cost out of your allowance, of course. But I’m afraid your disobedient, defiant attitudes have earned you both a second spanking. Charlie, Vaggie, stand up. Now.”

Charlie and Vaggie both felt a strange force pulling at their arms and legs, like a thousand invisible hands, and were quickly jerked up and set on their feet. But the moment their hands grasped their panties, the power that was puppeting them paused, leaving them standing before their tormenter, trembling like two timid does.

Charlie felt her eyes dampen with budding tears. “Please! Don’t hurt Vaggie! It’s me you hate! Hurt me instead!”

Alastor shook his head. “But I don’t hate you, Charlie. Don’t you see, you sweet summer child? I’m only doing this…” Alastor’s smile widened, and his stitched scars reappeared. “... Because, for the moment, you two darlings are my most cherished, favorite people in the whole of Hell!”

A door burst open from behind the girls, letting a sharp beam of light cut into the infinite blackness. Lucifer Morningstar’s boomed. “Charlie! … Charlie, baby? It’s okay, I’m here.”

Charlie twisted to find her father, her eyes shining, before she noticed the burnt remains of her panties on full display. “Daddy? You’re… here? Oh, no! Don’t look at me! Not like this!”

Alastor drummed his fingertips together. “Right on cue.”

Lucifer marched into the room, his pupils narrowing to slits. “Alastor! Get your fucking hands off my daughter!”

Alastor held up both his hands in mock surrender. “Ah, about that… Vaggie, since that little stunt with the locket was all your idea, why don’t you explain the situation?”

Vaggie felt tears streaming down her cheeks, and hated herself for shedding them. “We made a deal… I made a deal! I’m sorry, sir!”

Lucifer froze, gripping his cane tight. “Show me the contract, Alastor.”

Alastor snapped his fingers, and Charlie and Vaggie found themselves standing frozen in blackness, their hands still gripping tight to their panties.

Once again, the blackness slowly started to swallow them both, and just as it was about to submerge them…

Snap!

Lucifer appeared before them, seated precisely where Alastor had been a moment before. Slowly, an antique sofa seemed to fade *into* existence around him. As the darkness drew back, they found themselves in a dimly lit room. Everything was in shades of silvery grey, and slightly out of focus. Lucifer sighed. “It’s gonna’ be all right, girls… Everything will be okay… ”

“Tell me you didn’t make a deal with Alastor!”

“Calm down, Char. All he asked for… was a favor from me. Just one little favor.”

“Daddy, you didn’t!”

Lucifer shrugged, and smirked. “Too late. I did.”

Vaggie forced herself to take a breath, and found her voice. “What kind of favor?”

“Eh, who cares? Maybe he’ll ask me to give him a golden fiddle. Now, don’t panic, girls. We still have to discuss the fallout from this little fiasco.”

Lucifer started counting on his gloved fingers. “Firstly, I’m surprised at both of you girls. Don’t play in the street without adult supervision. Don’t disrespect your mother. And don’t make deals with devils. I’m not angry with you, Char-char, but I am disappointed.”

Charlie sniffled. “I’m sorry, Daddy!”

“And I forgive you. As for you, Vaggie, what were you thinking? Upping the ante, while he had you bent over a barrel?”

Vaggie wanted to bow her head in shame, but she couldn’t even do that. “I’m sorry, sir. I just thought… I thought I had him. I only wanted to protect your…” Vaggie swallowed a lump in her throat.

Lucifer leaned back in the sofa, holding his hands out wide. “Heeey, your heart was in the right place. Great initiative, flawed execution. Good news is, I got you both out of an eternity of being his submissive, spankable servant-grills.”

Charlie’s lip trembled. “If that’s the *good* news, I take it there’s *bad* news?”

Lucifer straightened his posture. “You girls made *two* contracts with Alastor… And he had his rubber ducks all lined up in a neat, legalistic little row. The favor I offered him negated the second contract… but only on condition that I accede to the terms of the first deal.”

Charlie nodded slowly. “So… I’m still his servant, for seven years?”

Lucifer rubbed the back on his neck. “I’m afraid it’s a bit more… *technical* than that ,Charlie. Ya see…”

Lucifer snapped his finger, and with a poof, he was suddenly dressed in a blue, trad-wife dress, with a white apron that said, “Spank the Cook!”

Charlie and Vaggie glanced down, and noticed they were wearing the sort of cute, trendy outfits they’d worn back in middle school. Charlie was dressed in a hoody and baseball cap, with shorts and stockings. Vaggie was wearing a skirted school-girl uniform that looked like it would have *just barely* passed the dress-code standards for a private Christian school.

There was a crashing boom behind them. Stage lights clicked on, and the girls suddenly found themselves in a cozy, brightly-colored, fully-furnished living room.

A disembodied, male announcer’s voice boomed across the room. “Coming to you live, from our studio in sunny, south *Avaritiae*, you’re watching… *One Helluva’ Family!* (Filmed before a live studio audience.)”

Charlie and Vaggie twisted their heads, blinking, and could make out a crowd of spectators clapping and laughing, watching them through the empty space where the fourth wall of the room was supposed to be. A neon sign was blinking “Applause!”

Charlie and Vaggie both let their jaws drop, and their pupils shrank to pin pricks. “Huh?”

Lucifer clapped his hands, and projected his booming voice above the roar of the audience. “All right, that’s enough nonsense! Well, girls, I’m very disappointed in both of you… uh… line?”

An imp holding up a giant cue card pointed desperately at the words, and Lucifer nodded, reading them in a stiff tone of voice. “Oh! There you are! Let’s see here, where are my reading glasses…Ah, here we go… Charlotte Morningstar! Vagatha Motha! You’ve girls got some ‘splainin’ to do!”

The neon sign blinked, “Laugh!” and the crowd erupted in hoots and giggles.

“Dad! What’s going on?”

Lucifer squinted as he struggled to read the cue card. “What’s it… look like? You girls… are getting a… spanking… of course!”

Charlie gasped, and clutched her bottom tight. “What? But, Daaaad! You can’t spank me! I’m over nineteen-hundred years old!”

Laughter.

Lucifer waved a finger, and slowly started to find his voice as an actor. “Charlie… the day you’re too old for a spanking, is the day you start to act like it!”

More laughter.

Vaggie felt her knees knocking together, and delicately shielded her own backside. “Please, sir, don’t do this!”

Lucifer smiled, and swelled his chest, ignoring the cue cards. “Now, Vaggie, you may not be my daughter, but I think of you like the daughter I never had. So I expect you to accept responsibility, and take the spanking you have coming. *Especially* if you ever want to take my Chair-bear on another date, ever again!”

Louder laughter.

Charlie and Vaggie both cried at once. “Nooo! Not a spanking!”

Even more laughter.

Lucifer shook his head. “Both of you, bare those bottoms, and get across my knees. We’re takin’ a little family trip to Spanky Town!”

Even louder laughter.

Suddenly, Charlie and Vaggie felt a force compelling them start undressing, and exposed their underpants to the delighted crowd. Both girls threw back their heads and howled in despair. “Please, don’t spank us!”

Lucifer watched them sternly, waiting for the noise to finally subside. “Girls, I love you both… But I *have* to spank you. Believe me, this is gonna’ hurt *me* far more than it hurts *you*. And for once, I’m not lying.”

As they heard the laughter behind them, Charlie and Vaggie looked deep into Lucifer’s eyes, and understood. This had been the deal to save them from an eternity of slavery. He wasn’t lying.

Slowly, deliberately, Charlie and Vaggie finished baring their bottoms, before obediently settling themselves on Lucifer’s knees. They each straddled one knee, facing the couch, giving both the audience and the millions of viewers who were surely watching at home a perfect view of their full moons.

Bouncing both girls gently on his knees, Lucifer patted them both across their quivering bottoms, and whispered in their ears. “Courage, girls. We’ll get through this. I love you, Charlie.”

Charlie sniffled. “I… I wuv’ you, Daddy.”

“And, Vaggie… I’m proud of you. Thank you for looking out for my baby girl.”

Vaggie looked away from Lucifer. “Don’t thank me, sir… This is all my fault…”

The crowd cooed, “Aaaaawwww!”

Charlie and Vaggie stiffened, and twisted to look at the watching eyes, their faces blushing.

Lucifer patted their bottoms, with a little more snap to his wrist. “Well, I wouldn’t say it was *entirely* your fault. Both you girls share an equal share of the *blame.* Therefore…”

Lucifer used both hands to land a ferocious clap across both girl’s bottoms at once. They squealed, and clung tight to the back of the cushion. The crowd giggled softly, but Lucifer patted the two bottoms as he waited for the perfect moment. “... You will both share an equal share of the *shame!”*

With that, Lucifer began to spank both girls for real, fast and hard. Vaggie roared. “Aaagh! Too hard!”

Lucifer landed a final, resounding spank and paused. Charlie screeched. *“Da-deeey!”*

Lucifer shook his head. “Daddy’s not home, yet. Lucky for all of us. So, let’s finish this spanking before he gets home! If your father ever finds out–”

Someone kicked open the “front door” of the living room, and Alastor strode onto the stage, wearing slacks and a tie. He was carrying a briefcase, and smoking a pipe. “Honey? I’m home!”

The crowd applauded as Alastor took in the peculiar scene. “Oh dear! Am I interrupting?”

Lucifer groaned. “Just teaching your daughters a lesson about not taking stupid, dumb ass risks.”

Charlie and Vaggie both shook their heads wildly, before Lucifer took them by surprise with a hard spank, and resumed the bare-butt beatdown all over from the beginning.

Alastor hummed as we watched the scene. “So they’re *your* daughters when they win the blue ribbon for home-made, forbidden-apple pie, but they’re *my* daughters whenever they get in trouble?”

“Lucky for you, they’re *always* getting in trouble, because they take after you. Mother was right. I never should have married a bad boy.”

The crowd tittered politely, and Alastor seated himself beside them. “Now, honey, let’s not fight in front of the children. Hand me a daughter, and let’s divide and conquer.”

Lucifer paused the spanking. “Hmph! If only I could get you to volunteer to wash the dishes. Vaggie, honey? Go to Daddy. You’ll get your turn with Mommy in a minute.”

Vaggie tried to quickly wipe her tears away, glaring at Alastor. “You! This is all your fault, you bastard!”

The crowd let out a soft gasp. Alastor touched his breast. “Vaggie, darling, I’m hurt. Your mother and I *agree* that a spanking is an appropriate punishment for naughty, misbehaving girls.”

Lucifer nodded. “Yeah, and no more using naughty words, Vaggie. This is supposed to be a wholesome, family-friendly program, for fuck’s sakes.”

Charlie stiffened. “You mean… You *really* think we need this spanking, Daddy—ehrm—Mommy?”

Lucifer sighed. “Yes, Charlie. Mommy only spanks you, because she loves you. That goes for *you too*, sista from anotha’ mista. It’s time to face the music.”

Vaggie bowed her head. “You’re right. We both deserve this spanking… I’m sorry, Alastor… Please… Daddy… just take it easy on Charlie.”

“Awwww!” went the crowd.

Alastor smiled, and this time, the smile was *almost* sweet, and patted his lap. “Of course, Vaggie. After all, Mommy and Daddy care about you, more than anything in the whole, wide world. We only spank you…”

As Vaggie lay across Alastor’s lap, she saw Charlie facing her, lying in a mirror pose across Lucifer’s lap. Lucifer patted Charlie’s bottom, and finished Alastor’s sentence. “... because we love you.”

Slowly, Vaggie and Charlie reached out, and held each other’s hands.

“I love you, Vanny…” whispered Charlie.

Vaggie felt two fresh tears, and with them came release. “And I love you, Honey…”

Alastor patted Vaggie’s bottom, and raised his hand high. “... And I love my spunky, little tomboy!”

Alastor and Lucifer landed the first spank in synch, and set to work. The first 10-minute segment of the sitcom was an extended spanking sequence, followed by a few words from the sponsors. Alastor and Lucifer did a skit where Alastor spanked Lucifer for buying low-quality instant coffee, when she should have store-tested for fresher, premium-packed Chase & Sanborn Coffee.”

The next was an ad for Schlitz beer, in which Vaggie and Charlie posed in front of a smoking, flaming oven, crying into handkerchiefs. Alastor lightly patted them on the head and announced, “Don’t worry, darlings, you didn’t burn the beer!”

Then the commercial break ended, and Lucifer took his turn spanking Vaggie for another ten minutes, while Alastor spanked Charlie, until the credits rolled, and the narrator announced: “*One Hell of a Family* is made possible by Focus on the Family: Helping Families Thrive, and by Viewers Like You. Thank you.”

[The End]